

FORERUNNER OF TYPESETTING MACHINE

7. MISCELLANIES in Prose and Verse intended as a specimen of the Types, at the Logographic Printing Office...Duodecimo, contemporary calf, (repaired at hinges), London, J. Walter, 1785. \$45.

An interesting collection of literary Miscellanies, set in a variety of sizes of type -- beginning with pages in large type, and progressing with smaller and smaller types to the back of the book.

This is perhaps the first considerable book to be printed at the Logographic Press, a newly invented system of printing by words or combinations of letters, rather than by single letters. J. Walter, the founder of the Times, was part inventor of it and certainly sank a lot of money into it. It was an early form of the typesetting machine.

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M I S C E L L A N I E S

I N

P R O S E A N D V E R S E

I N T E N D E D A S A

Specimen of the Types,

A T T H E

Logographic Printing Office.

MISFORTUNE stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

YOUNG.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D A N D S O L D B Y J . W A L T E R ,
P R I N T I N G - H O U S E - S Q U A R E , B L A C K F R Y A R S

A N D A T

N O . 4 5 . L O M B A R D - S T R E E T .

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INTRODUCTION.

IT is rather singular, that some of the philosophical and mathematical truths established at this day, and most generally acknowledged, were, when first discovered, treated as chimerical and absurd: Virgil the first Bishop of Saltzburgh in Germany, was persecuted for having been guilty of the impiety and absurdity of advancing and maintaining the doctrine of *Antipodes*; which the ignorant

iv INTRODUCTION.

norant were foolish enough to say gave the lie to the Scripture, where it was said that Joshua made the sun stand still: the great Galileo was imprisoned on account of discoveries and improvements, which have greatly facilitated the progress of philosophy: Friar Bacon, from the automaton he was enabled to make by his great knowledge in mechanics, was thought to be a privy counsellor of Belzebub; and Faustus the inventor of printing, was actually prosecuted as an imp of the devil: but the spherical form of the earth is now demonstrated; the doctrine of optics is well understood; the power of mechanism is

is carried infinitely farther than it was by Bacon; and printing is universally practised, while the idea of a præternatural agency in any of these cases, is scouted by all the world. Why the most demonstrable truths should have been disputed when first maintained, is truly unaccountable; but nothing is more certain than that by a strange fatality, the most ingenious arts, and the most useful inventions, as well as the noblest institutions, have in their infancy been opposed and ridiculed by ignorant, envious, and selfish individuals.

WHEN

vi INTRODUCTION.

WHEN such men as Virgil, Galileo, Bacon, and Faustus, to whose memory so much justice has been done by posterity, could not escape the shafts of ignorance and envy, it would have been folly in the extreme for so humble an individual as I am, to hope that I should escape unnoticed by the ignorant and envious. The progress that I have made in improving a new discovery in the art of printing, and which is now practised at my Logographic-press, has been ridiculed and decried by those, who understood not what they condemned, or who sickened at its superior merits and success. No one has ventured to stand forward
and

and attack the plan openly, though by a pamphlet which was published on the occasion, manly and candid criticism was courted: what slanderers of the improvement, did not dare to do publicly, and by fair argument, they have endeavoured to effect by private whispers, false insinuations, and significant nods and shrugs, which were calculated to convey an idea of the profound sagacity of those who made them. I could easily bear this species of attack from certain *Printers* to whom I have been able to trace it; it is natural to men of grovelling minds, that they should envy a person who was likely to obtain a share of public

public favour; but I feel myself hurt indeed at finding, that among those who strive to injure me in my arduous undertaking, there are some whom I once reckoned my friends: but I now plainly see they were mere *sunshine friends*, who courted my acquaintance in the day of my prosperity, but fled from me as from a pestilence, when the clouds of adversity were gathered over me; the loss of such friends ought rather to be matter of satisfaction, than concern: indeed to have lost the friendship of worthy men, whose attachment to me was founded in disinterestedness, would be a shock too violent to be borne: but it is my pride to say that my
real

real friends did not desert me; they stood by me in the day of trial, because my conduct was marked with integrity, and sanctioned by honour. My misfortunes were not imputed to me as faults; they were the natural consequences of the calamities that beset the empire at large, during the course of an exhausting and unfortunate war, the effects of which were felt even by the greatest commercial houses in the nation: it was not surprising that a storm which shook the kingdom to its center, should overset my little bark: that my reputation however did not perish with my fortune, I have the happiness to experience by the very liberal support

®

X I N T R O D U C T I O N .

port and encouragement I have already received from a most respectable body of friends, in the great undertaking in which I have embarked. The countenance of men of worth and character, greatly overbalances any anxiety that the attacks of the envious could possibly occasion in my mind: indeed I should not expect that envy would remain quiet when such a plan was about to be brought forward into the world; for as envy is the constant attendant upon merit, so it would have been fair to conclude, that what did not excite the former did not possess the latter. The envious therefore may rail on; their attacks will prove im-

impotent, while I have the honour to reckon among my subscribers, many men of the highest rank and acknowledged abilities.——The books for which I have been favoured with subscriptions, shall be published without the least unnecessary delay; and the work shall be executed in the most elegant letter-press, to the full value of the money subscribed.

THE first publication after this specimen, will be an octavo edition of DR. WATTS'S IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND, which will be brought out next month, with an introduction explanatory of the plan: this book will be followed by

by others of the highest reputation in the republic of letters, and a list of the subscribers will be given with the last volume.—I trust that the countenance of the noble and respectable persons who have already patronized the undertaking, will weigh more with the public, than the suggestions of *selfish printers* and false friends, who have endeavoured to whisper away the merit of the improvement now reduced to practice,

By the PUBLIC's,

most obedient,

and much obliged

humble servant,

J. WALTER.

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ON ART.

THE different useful and ingenious inventions which have taken place in the world, do honour to the abilities of mankind:—When applied to moral purposes, the dignity and excellence of human nature appear in the fairest point of view.—From several of these discoveries, the noblest improvements have been derived, as well as some of those refinements which adorn life, and tend to render it happy.

IT is therefore a wonder, that the wisest and most enlightened nations have encouraged exertions of genius, or carefully cultivated those arts and sciences from which fame, and numerous benefits are derived.—Those individuals, also, who have been most celebrated for taste and patriotism, have likewise distinguished themselves by the most liberal contributions to bring forward and reward merit.

WHAT is termed ART, has had the highest approbation, and been deemed the ornament of life. When mankind inhabited forests in common with brutes, it was ART which taught them to assert the

the sovereignty of their nature,—and to assume that empire for which *Providence* intended them. Thousands of utilities owe their birth to ART; thousands of elegancies, pleasures and joys, without which existence itself would be but an insipid possession, flow from the same source.

WIDE and extensive is the reach of her dominion: no element is there, either so violent or subtle, so yielding or so sluggish, as by the powers of its nature, to be superior to her direction. *Art* treads not the fierce impetuosity of fire, but compels its violence to be both obedient and useful. By it, the stubborn tribe of minerals is softened,

so as to be formed and moulded into innumerable shapes. Hence weapons, armour, and coin; hence all those various tools and instruments, which impower her to proceed to farther ends more excellent.

Nor is the subtle air less obedient to *Art*, whether it administers to pleasure or use*. Does not *Art* also give birth to *sounds* which charm and elevate the soul with all the powers of harmony.

Under *Art's* instruction, ships are wafted over the immeasurable

* The aerial excursions lately made by balloons, is a conquest over a subtle element, greatly astonishing, and probably may be followed by new discoveries.

ocean,

ocean, through numberless dangers and difficulties, by which knowledge and the intercourse of nations are promoted. To say how the influence of *Art* is seen on earth, would be to teach the meanest what he already knows; suffice it but to mention, fields of arable and pasture, lawns and groves, gardens and plantations, cottages, villages, castles, towns, palaces, temples, and spacious cities.

Nor does the empire of *Art* end in subjects thus inanimate; its power also extends through the various race of animals, who either patiently submit to become her slaves, or are sure to find in her an irre-

sistible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horse, and the mighty elephant, are all content to receive the instructions of *Art*, and readily to lend their natural instinct or strength to perform the numerous useful offices which are ordained for them.

If there be found any species which are serviceable when dead, *Art* suggests the means to investigate and take them; if any be so savage as to refuse being tamed, or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack; it is *Art* that teaches us to scorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, pursue and conquer. Such indeed, is its amazing influence on
infe-

inferior objects, on natures inanimate, or at best irrational.

But whenever it chooses a subject more noble, or aims at the cultivating of the *mind* itself, then it becomes truly divine, the ever flowing source of those sublimer beauties of which no subject but the *mind* alone is capable. Thus are exhibited to mankind, the admired tribe of poets and orators, the sacred train of patriots and heroes, the god-like list of philosophers and legislators, the forms of virtuous and equal governments, where private welfare is made the same with that of the public, where crowds themselves prove disinterested, and virtue is made a national, popular characteristic.

Is

Is not *Art* the source of all these wonders? Should we not, therefore, give her due praise, through whom, whatever we do, is done with elegance and beauty; without whom, what we do, is ever graceless and deformed.

Venerable powers! by what name shall we address thee? Shall we call thee ornament of *mind*, or art thou more truly *mind* itself? 'Tis *mind* thou art, most perfect mind, not rude, untaught, but fair and polished; in such thou dwellest, of such thou art the form; nor is it a thing more possible to separate thee from such, than it is to separate thee from thy own existence.

YOUTH

YOUTH OF ENGLAND.

TIS a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government, by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that while the rest of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of single persons, arts and sciences took their rise, and flourished only in

in those few small territories where the people were free. And though learning may continue after liberty is lost, as it did in Rome, for a while, upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth, and the particular patronage of some emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a tyranny in any nation. Because slavery is of all things the greatest clog and obstacle to speculation. And, indeed, arbitrary power is but the first natural step from anarchy or the savage life; the adjusting power and freedom being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: and this is no where else so duly regulated as in a limited monarchy: because I believe it may pass

pass for a maxim in state, that the Administration cannot be placed in too few hands, nor the Legislature in too many. Now in this material point, the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth, to which the present establishment of the church doth so happily agree, that whoever is an enemy to either, must of necessity be so to both.

MODESTY.

M O D E S T Y.

MODESTY, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not: if we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

MISCELLANIES

VERSE AND PROSE.

S L A N D E R.

MY lovely girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my visions true:
They'll form your mind to ev'ry grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face:
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.

A

Child-

Childhood and youth engage my pen ;
'Tis labour lost to talk to men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform when wrong ;
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails :
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our setting sun :
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choak the soil ?
'Tis SLANDER.—And, with shame I own,
The vice of human-kind alone.

Be SLANDER then my leading dream,
Tho' you're a stranger to the theme :
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorns the defamatory art ;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise :
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.

The

The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
 Cou'd plead no merit of her own :
 The silly theft betray'd her pride,
 And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious fland'ring thief is worse
 Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
 Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store :
 Who takes your gold, takes 'trash--no more';
 Perhaps, he pilfers—to be fed—
 Ah ! guiltless wretch who steals for bread !
 But the dark villain, who shall aim
 To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
 He steals a precious gem away,
 Steals what both INDIES can't repay.
 Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
 Or the more impious pleas of gain.
 No sinking family to save !
 No gold to glut th' insatiate knave !

Improve the hint of Shakespear's tongue,
 'Twas thus immortal Shakespear sung*.

* Othello.

A 2

And

The

And trust the Bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear :
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock, and cold aconite ;
'Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around !
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground !
A bleak and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to every friendless sky !
Here foul-mouth'd SLANDER lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind :
“ *A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head ;
“ The plumes of ravens were her bed :
“ She fed upon the viper's brood,
“ And flak'd her impious thirst with blood.”

The rising sun and western ray
Were witnesses to her distant sway.

* Garth's Dispensary.

The

The tyrant claim'd a mightier host,
Than the proud Persian e'er cou'd boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son† ;
By his own numbers half undone !
Success attended SLANDER'S pow'r ;
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore,
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the Fury's rage ;
The Fury spares nor sex nor age.
Ev'n merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
PRIDE, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.

† XERXES king of Persia and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions) who, together with their cattle, perish'd in great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide.
So the impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.

REVENGE, that base * Hesperian, known
A chief support of SLANDER's throne,
Amidst the bloody croud is seen,
And Treachery brooding in his mien ;
The monster often chang'd his gate,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his out-stretch'd wings ;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And rushes headlong on his prey.

ENVY commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll ;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.

* Hesperia includes Italy, as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.

The

The artful unsuspected spright
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed ;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lye,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains ;
Approach the folds where lambs repose,
Whose guiltless breasts suspect no foes ;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

SLANDER smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquests grew :
Around the crouded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state :
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law,
To say what female friends I saw?
SLANDER assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.

The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crouded there :
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave phycic, and loquacious law :
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If ALBION's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis ALBION's isle which cures these ills;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that trip'd the plain:
GOOD-NATURE first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green :
A

A fair and smiling virgin she!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
PRUDENCE assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring MAID.
The GRACES danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd INNOCENCE was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day.

When SLANDER sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light,

C O N T E N T.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain home-spun truth, I know;
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy and the sage;
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade;
Around the liv'ry'd servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.

As

As I was traversing the hall,
Where Bruffels' looms adorn'd the wall,
(Whose tap'stry shews without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid)
A graceful person came in view,
(His form it seems is known to few ;)
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms ! a thousand in his face.

This, Sir, your property ? I cry'd—
Master and mansion coincide ;
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that bliss may dwell with state.
Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
And grant the favour of your name.

“ CONTENT,” the lovely form reply'd,
But think not, here that I reside :
Here lives a courtier, base and fly ;
An open, honest, rustic, I.
Our taste and manners disagree ;
His levee boast no charms for me :
For titles, and the smiles of kings,
To me are cheap unheeded things.

('Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart:
Unless this herald speaks him great,
What shall avail the glare of state?)
Those secret charms are my delight,
Which shine remote from public sight:
Passions subdued, desires at rest—
And hence his chaplain shares my breast.

There was a time (his Grace can tell)
I knew the Duke exceeding well;
Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
In truth, we never were apart:
But when the court became his end,
He turn'd his back upon his friend.

One day I call'd upon his Grace,
Just as the Duke had got a place:
I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
I shou'd be welcome to the peer:
Yes, welcome to a man in power;
And so I was—for half an hour.
But he grew weary of his guest,
And soon discarded me his breast;

Upbraid-

Upbraided me with want of merit,
But most for poverty of spirit.

You relish not the great man's lot?
Come then, I'll take thee to my cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state:
No monarchs share my kind embrace;
There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
CONTENT shuns courts, and oftner dwells
With modest worth in humble cells;
There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
Or the cold stone sustain the head;
Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.

Far from the city I reside,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
Because I find my joys at home:
For foreign visits then begin,
When the man feels a void within.

But

But tho' from towns and crouds I fly,
No humourist, nor cynic, I.
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
The friendships of the good and wise.
Bid VIRTUE and her sons attend,
VIRTUE will tell thee, I'm her friend;
Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
Will say, there's no distinction known
Betwixt her household and my own.

Author. If these the friendships you pursue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day!
How do you shun detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

Content. I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart, if all be right:
If, "right," replies my faithful breast,
I smile and close my eyes to rest.

Author.

Author. You seem regardless of the town:
Pray, Sir, how stand you with the gown?

Content. The clergy say, they love me well;
Whether they do, they best can tell;
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a diff'rent tale?
Who'll seek my door, or grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With those my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no pow'rful friends;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;

Care-

Careless, who rises, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls;
Much less by pride or int'rest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart:
And if you'll my advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut and dwell with you.

The passions are a numerous croud,
Imperious, positive, and loud:
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life;
If they grow mutinous and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear, nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing;
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.

Life

Life is a sea, where storms must rise;
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies :
He, who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ ;
Distrust imbitters present joy :
On God for all events depend ;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best ;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother flight her boy ;
Can she forget her prattling joy ?
May then, shall SOV'REIGN LOVE desert
The humble, and the honest heart ?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind ;
Yet say not thou, that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike, both good, and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies :
Perhaps, what goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow goodness takes away.

You

You say, that troubles intervene,
That sorrow darkens half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee :
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so ;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy prayer be wealth.
If food be thine, (tho' little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold ;
Such as may nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise ;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more :
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

He spake—The airy spectre flies,
And strait the sweet illusion dies.

The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

H A P.

H A P P I N E S S.

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run ;
Who wisely with the pilot's chart,
To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart ;
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last :
Attend a seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wond'rous vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon ;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crouds pour'd in from every side :

All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same :
The chace was HAPPINESS I found,
But all, alas ! enchanted ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wond'rous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Thro' roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue ?
The waking world has all agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed :
And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As PARNELL * says, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought :
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene ;
The dress of each was much the same,
And VIRTUE was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke,
Her voice was music, as she spoke :

* The Hermit.

All

Attend,

Attend, O man, nor leave my side,
And safety shall thy footsteps guide ;
Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
As none but favour'd mortals know.

She said—and strait we march'd along
To join AMBITION's active throng :
Crouds urg'd on crouds with eager pace,
And happy he, who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green ;
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant fight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies :
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass :
Courtiers and statesmen led the way ;
The faithless paths their steps betray ;
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall and rise no more.

'Twas

'Twas here AMBITION kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port ;
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne,
Was FALSHOOD, by her vizard known ;
Next stood DISTRUST, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye ;
While meagre ENVY claim'd a place,
And JEALOUSY with jaundic'd face.

But where is HAPPINESS ? I cry'd.
My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd :

Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,
Thou hast not yet outstrip'd the child ;
Thou, who hast twenty winters seen,
(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
To ask if HAPPINESS can dwell
With every dirty imp of hell !
Go to the school-boy, he shall preach,
What twenty winters cannot teach :
He'll tell thee from his weekly theme,
That thy pursuit is all a dream :
That bliss ambitious views disowns,
And, self-dependent, laughs at thrones ;

Prefers

Prefers the shades and lowly seats,
Whither fair innocence retreats :
So the coy lily of the vale
Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train ;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtful crouds the old
Plac'd all their HAPPINESS in gold.
And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view :
A gothic pile ! with moss o'er-grown ;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
Without, a thousand mastiffs wait :
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain ;
For here all favours sell for gain :
The greedy porter yields to gold ;
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.

Assen.

Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily sacrific'd to WEALTH,
Their honour, conscience, peace and health.
I saw no charms, that cou'd engage;
The GOD appear'd like fordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpents' eyes, and harpies' claws:
Behind stood FEAR, that restless spright,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And viper CARE, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten'd now to PLEASURE's bow'rs,
Where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flow'rs:
Here BEAUTY every charm display'd,
And love enflam'd the yielding maid;
Delicious WINE our taste employs,
His crimson bowl exalts our joys:
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found, that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I blest'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:

The SERAPH disapprov'd my stay,
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas ! whene'er we talk of blifs,
How prone is man to judge amifs !
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontroul'd desires.
Like summer swarms DISEASES croud;
Each bears a crutch, or each a shrowd :
FEVER ! that thirsty fury, came,
With inextinguishable flame ;
CONSUMPTION, sworn ally of DEATH !
Creep'd slowly on with panting breath ;
GOUT roar'd, and shew'd his throbbing feet ;
And DROPSY took the drunkard's seat ;
STONE brought his tott'ring racks ; and near
Sat PALSY shaking in her chair.

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd :
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins ;
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept aloud, and thus address'd.

For-

Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
Tho' lewdness wear an angel's face.
Be wise, by my experience taught ;
I die, alas ! for want of thought.

As he, who travels Libya's plains,
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
Is seiz'd with fear, and wild dismay,
When the grim foe obstructs his way:
My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight;
I call'd on VIRTUE, but in vain,
Her absence quicken'd ev'ry pain :
At length the slighted angel heard,
The dear refulgent form appear'd.

Presumptuous youth! the said, and frown'd,
(My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound)
Who turns to me reluctant ears,
Shall shed a flood of future tears.
These rivers shall for ever last ;
There's no retracting what is past :
Nor think avenging ills to shun ;
Play a false card, and you're undone.

Of PLEASURE's gilded baits beware,
Nor tempt the Siren's fatal snare :
Forego this curs'd, detested place,
Abhor the strumpet, and her race :
Had you those softer paths pursu'd,
Perdition, stripling, had ensu'd :
Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink ;
To-morrow is too late to think.

Indeed unwelcome truths I tell,
But mark my sacred lesson well :
With me who ever lives at strife,
Loses his better friend for life ;
With me who lives in friendship's ties,
Finds all that's fought for by the wife,
Folly exclaims, and well she may ;
Because I take her mask away ;
If once I bring her to the sun,
The painted harlot is undone.
But prize, my child, oh ! prize my rules,
And leave deception to her fools.

AMBITION deals in tinsel toys,
Her traffick gewgaws, fleeting joys !

An

An errant juggler in disguise,
 Who holds false optics to your eyes.
 But ah! how quick the shadows pass!
 Tho' the bright visions thro' her glass
 Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
 The baseless fabricks disappear.

Nor RICHES boast intrinsic worth,
 Their charms, at best, superior earth:
 These oft the heav'n-born mind enslave,
 And make an honest man a knave.
 "Wealth cures my wants," the miser cries;
 Be not deceiv'd, the miser lyes:
 One want he has with all his store,
 That worst of wants! the want of more.

Take pleasure, wealth, and pomp away,
 And where is HAPPINESS, you say?

'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know
 I'm all that's Happiness below.

To Vice I leave tumultuous joys,
 Mine is the still and softer voice;

That whispers peace, when storms invade,
And musick thro' the midnight shade.

Come then, be mine in ev'ry part,
Nor give me less than all your heart ;
When troubles discompose your breast,
I'll enter there a chearful guest :
My converse shall your cares beguile,
The little world within shall smile ;
And then it scarce imports a jot,
Whether the great world frowns or not.

And when the closing scenes prevail,
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail ;
All that a foolish world admires,
Or passion craves, or pride inspires ;
At that important hour of need,
VIRTUE shall prove a friend indeed !
My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
My arms sustain thy drooping head :
And when the painful struggle's o'er,
And that vain thing, the world, no more ;
I'll bear my favourite son away,
To rapture, and eternal day.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! thou soft, propitious pow'r.
Sweet regent of the social hour!
Sublime the joys, nor understood,
But by the virtuous and the good!
CABAL and RIOT take thy name,
But 'tis a false affected claim.
In Heav'n if love and friendship dwell,
Can they associate e'er with hell?

Thou art the same thro' change of times;
Thro' frozen zones and burning climes;
From the equator to the pole,
The same kind angel thro' the whole.
And since thy choice is always free,
I blefs thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh!

For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
 Not soft Nepenthe* half so sure!
 And when returning comforts rise,
 Thou the bright sun, that gilds our skies!

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
 My weary eye-lids stole to rest;
 When fancy re-assumed the theme,
 And furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea,
 ('Thousands embark'd alike with me)
 My skiff was small, and weak beside,
 Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
 The winds along the furges sweep,
 The wrecks lie scatter'd thro' the deep;
 Aloud the foaming billows roar,
 Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

* Nepenthe is an herb, which being infus'd in wine dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. 21. 21. and 25. 2.

While

While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view.
Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
'This new-discover'd world divide.
A river parts their proper claim,
And TRUTH its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd.
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
And a kind sun, that always smil'd.
Few storms molest the natives here;
COLD is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here FRIENDSHIP's happy kingdom grew,
Her realms were small, her subjects few.
A thousand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant its base.
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves th' inclement sky.
Ev'n TIME, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,

Partial to FRIENDSHIP's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone;
Ripens the beauties of the place,
And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne, in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band;
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here FORTITUDE in coat of mail!
There JUSTICE lifts her golden scale!
Two hardy chiefs! who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe;
Who smile at perils, pains and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.

TEMP'RANCE that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the VIRTUES here;
Adorn'd with every blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But PRUDENCE most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.

To

To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes ;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A VIRTUE, with a softer air,
Was hand-maid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from Heav'n her spotless mind ;
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case !
She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd ;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid, who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair CHARITY ! be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast.

But virtues of inferior name
Croud round the throne with equal claim ;
In loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.

Not ancient records e'er can show,
That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And Humble* plants, by trav'lers thought
With flow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes, the eye descry'd
A pow'rful realm extended wide,
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west fun.
Here FLATT'RY boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with th' imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe;

* The HUMBLE plant bends down before the touch (as the Sensitive plant shrinks from the touch) and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

And

And aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains:
Her darling minister is PRIDE,
(Who ne'er was known to change his side)
A friend, to all her interests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Carefs'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape, he shews his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!

Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen;
Who farther favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman PRIDE.
The first CONCEIT, with tow'ring crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than Duchefs in her own esteem.

Next

Next AFFECTATION, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue,
Whose antic shapes, and various face,
Distorted every native grace.

Then VANITY, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in Brussels, and brocade;
Fantastic, frolicksome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

The people, loyal to their queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:
With chearful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he, who most obey'd;
While they, who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And every tribe, like pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep.
FANCY presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to FRIENDSHIP's realm.
But, oh ! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state.
The Trojan chief cou'd hardly more
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.

For FLATT'RY view'd those fairer plains,
With longing eyes, where FRIENDSHIP reigns;
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the fame.
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To FRIENDSHIP's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow ;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.

The river TRUTH the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood :

Her

Her current strong, and deep, and clear,
No fords were found, no ferries near;
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

HYPOCRISY the gulph explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails.
The troops an easy passage find,
And vict'ry follows close behind.

FRIENDSHIP with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows:
But FLATT'RY threw a poison'd dart,
And pierced the Empress to the heart.
The VIRTUES all around were seen,
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant strip'd the mangled fair,
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;
And mounting next the sufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

Ah!

Ah ! injur'd maid, aloud I cry'd ;
Ah ! injur'd maid, the rocks reply'd ;
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you ;
Judge, reader, how my griefs abound
When FRIENDSHIP's foes were mine I found ;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle.

The Amazons, who prop'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the gen'ral fate.
JUSTICE to Powis-House is fled,
And YORKE sustains her radiant head.
The virtue FORTITUDE appears
In open day at Ligonier's ;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die !
'Twas SHE our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd :
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain !
She rous'd the lions of the main :

Hence

Hence * Vernon's little fleet succeeds,
 And hence the gen'rous † Cornwall bleeds ;
 Hence ‡ Grenville glorious !—for the smil'd
 On the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
 They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
 Say, that the mighty and the great
 Blaze like meridian sons of state ;
 Effulgent excellence display,
 Like Halifax in floods of day ;
 Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
 Like the mild crescent of the night.
 Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,
 Still we may shine serene and clear:

Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
 To martial souls the civic crown :
 What then? Is merit their's alone?
 Have we no worth to call our own?

* At Porto-Bello.

† Against the combin'd fleets of France and Spain.

‡ Died in a later engagement of the French fleet.

Shall

Shall we not vindicate our part,
In the firm breast, and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
Tho' in superior life they shine.
I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust—
True—but my soul may still be just;
And tho' I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to save my friend.

Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind.
PRUDENCE to point out wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray;
TEMP'RANCE to guard the youthful heart,
When VICE and FOLLY throw the dart;
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And when our souls in friendship join,
We'll deem the social bond divine;
Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast, where honour builds his throne,
That breast, which virtue calls her own,
Nor

Nor int'rest warps, nor fear appalls,
When danger frowns or lucre calls;
Let int'rest plead and storms arise,
He dares be honest tho' he dies !

THE

T H E H E R M I T.*

‘TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
‘ And guide my lonely way,
‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
‘ With hospitable ray.

‘ For here, forlorn and lost, I tread
‘ With fainting steps and slow;
‘ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
‘ Seem length’ning as I go.’

‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
‘ To tempt the dang’rous gloom;
‘ For yonder phantom only flies
‘ To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here to the houseless child of want
‘ My door is open still;
‘ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
‘ I give it with good will.

* Written by Dr. Goldsmith.

‘ Then

- ‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows,
‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 ‘ My blessing, and repose.
- ‘ No flocks that range the valley free,
 ‘ To slaughter I condemn :
‘ Taught by that Pow’r that pities me,
 ‘ I learn to pity them.
- ‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
 ‘ A guiltless feast I bring ;
‘ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 ‘ And water from the spring.
- ‘ Then pilgrim turn, thy cares forego ;
 ‘ For earth-born cares are wrong :
‘ Man wants but little here below,
 ‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
 His gentle accents fell ;
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure
The modest mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The door just open'd with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when worldly crouds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trim'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answer'ing care oppress'd :
' And whence, unhappy youth !' he cry'd,
' The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitations spurn'd,
' Reluctant dost thou rove ;
' Or grief for friendship unreturn'd,
' Or unregarded love ?

' Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
' Are trifling, and decay ;
' And those who prize the paltry things,
' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name ?
' A charm that lulls to sleep ;
' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
' But leaves the wretch to weep ?

' And

‘ And love is still an emptier sound,
 ‘ The haughty fair-one’s jest :
 ‘ On earth unseen, or only found,
 ‘ To warm the turtle’s nest.

‘ For shame ! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 ‘ And spurn the sex,’ he said :
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush
 The bashful guest betray’d.

He sees unnumber’d beauties rise,
 Expanded to the view ;
 Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
 As bright as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
 Alternate spread alarms ;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 ‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d ;
 ‘ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude,
 ‘ Where Heav’n and you reside.

C

But

- ‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
 ‘ Whom love has taught to stray ;
‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 ‘ Companion of her way.
- ‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 ‘ A wealthy lord was he ;
‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 ‘ He had but only me.
- ‘ To win me from his tender arms,
 ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 ‘ Or felt, or feign’d a flame.
- ‘ Each morn the gay fantastic crowd
 ‘ With richest proffers strove :
‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 ‘ But never talk’d of love.
- ‘ In humblest, simplest habit clad,
 ‘ No wealth nor pow’r had he ;
‘ A constant heart was all he had,
 ‘ But that was all to me.

‘The

- ‘ The blossom op’ning to the day,
- ‘ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
- ‘ Could naught of purity display,
- ‘ To emulate his mind.
- ‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
- ‘ With charms inconstant shine;
- ‘ Their charms were his, but, wo to me!
- ‘ Their constancy was mine.
- ‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
- Importunate and vain;
- ‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
- I triumph’d in his pain.
- ‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
- ‘ He left me to my pride;
- ‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
- In secret, where he died.
- ‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
- ‘ And well my life shall pay;
- ‘ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
- ‘ And stretch me where he lay.

- ‘ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 ‘ I’ll lay me down and die :
‘ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ‘ And so for him will I.’
- ‘ Thou shalt not thus,’ the hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wand’ring fair one turn’d to chide—
 ’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.
- ‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ‘ My charmer, turn to see
‘ Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 ‘ Restor’d to love and thee.
- ‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ‘ And ev’ry care resign :
‘ And shall we never, never part,
 ‘ O thou—my all that’s mine !
- ‘ No, never from this hour to part,
 ‘ We’ll live and love so true ;
‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 ‘ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’

ON DIGNITY OF MANNERS.

THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horfe play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughing, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent, and led captive. It gives your inferiors, just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near a-kin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is ad-

C 3

mitted

mitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such a one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such a one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such a one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal.—These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true
courage

courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it ; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation : as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods ; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects,

which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man : who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness, in looks and motions, give dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and
sink

sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral character. They are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is decorum, even though affected and put on!

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

ON TASTE.

THE charms of the fine arts are derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and constitution of the human mind. Accordingly the general principles of taste are common to our whole species, and arise from that internal sense of beauty which every man, in some degree at least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that surround him, with an equal coldness and indifference. There are certain forms which must necessarily fill the soul with agreeable ideas; and she is instantly determined in approbation of them, previous to all reasoning concern-

cerning their use and convenience. It is upon these general principles that what is called fine taste in the arts is founded; and consequently is by no means so precarious and unsettled an idea as you chuse to describe it. The truth is, taste is nothing more than this universal sense of beauty, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the simple and original ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole imitative and oratorical art is governed by the same general rules of criticism; and to prove the certainty of these with respect to one of them, is to establish their validity with regard to all the rest. I will therefore consider the criterion of taste, in relation only to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfections; and it would re-

quire a particular examination of the characters of each, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature, and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention, therefore, those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in their design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition, then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of Nature herself.

self. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built, are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty is improved and strengthened by exercise, the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object, the more she will enlarge and refine
her

her relish of that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have long and generally been admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind: and therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general; so, by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime; and he might with equal justice have extended the same
crite--

criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons : it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism that we submit to their authority ; it is because those rules are derived from works that have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind, from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

MELMOTH.

VERSES

VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S SHER-
LOCK UPON DEATH *.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bliss, be blest,
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

* By the Earl of Chesterfield.

HYMN

HYMN TO ADVERSITY*.

Daughter of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth,
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind,
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

* By Mr. Gray.

Scar'd

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy;
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend!
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gentle on 'thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess! lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mein,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart :
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET*.

TWAS at the silent solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet ;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.
 Her face was like an April-morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud :
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

* By David Mallet, Esq.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

Awake ! the cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath :
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The

The hungry worm my sister is;
The winding sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come, fee, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red :
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full fore :
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more !

WINI-

WINIFREDA.

AWAY! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care ;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donor
With pompous titles grace our blood ;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
We'll sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke :
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess ;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

What

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give ;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung ;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

THE

THE FIRE - SIDE*.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
 Tho' singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No noisy neighbour enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam:
 The world has nothing to bestow,
 From our ourselves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

D

Of

* By Dr. Cotton.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot :
 Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
 But then, how little do we need !
 For Nature's calls are few :
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
 For if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
 Patient, when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours giv'n ;
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
(Since winter life is seldom sweet;)

But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,
The relicks of our store.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe

With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,

And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smoothe the bed of death.

L'ALLEGRO.

L' ALLEGRO*.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born !
In Stygian cave forlorn

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and fights
unholy

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
wings,

And the night raven sings ;

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more

To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;

Or whether (as some sages sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

* Milton.

Zephyr with Aurora playing
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksome, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple fleck;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then

Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Clearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing thrill :
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight :
 While the plow-man, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures :

Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray :
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daiesies pied ;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide :
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind his sheaves ;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlet will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;

And

And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Fairy-Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friars lanthorn led;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweet
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings
 Ere the first cock his mattin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry.
Such fights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned flock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning;
The melting voice thro' mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony:
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO *

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred !
 How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail, divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight ;

And therefore to our weaker view,

O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue,

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauties praise above

* Milton.

The

The sea nymphs, and their powers offended :
Yet thou art higher far descended,
The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowers, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
O'er thy decent shoulders drawn,
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And

And hear the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chieftest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation :
And the mute silence hift along,
'Lefs Philomel will deign a fong,
In her sweetest, faddeft plight
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak ;
Sweet bird, that fhunn'ft the noife of folly,
Moft mufical, moft melancholy !
Thee, chauntrefs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning fong :
And miffing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry fmooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheft noon,
Like one that had been led aftray
Through the heav'n's wide pathlefs way ;
And oft as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft

Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,

Present

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobl'd hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek,
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else, great bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and flounc'd as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,

But

But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gulf hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid:

And

And as I wake sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some sprite to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my duc feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chuse to live.

THE THREE WARNINGS *

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years
 So much, that in our later stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection, to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room:
 And looking grave, 'You must,' says he,
 'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
 'With you, and quit my Susan's side!
 'With you!' the hapless husband cry'd:

* Mrs. Thrale.

Young

- ‘ Young as I am! ’tis monstrous hard!
- ‘ Besides, in truth, I’m not prepar’d :-
- ‘ My thoughts on other matters go;
- ‘ This is my wedding-night, you know.’

What more he urg’d I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;

- So Death the poor delinquent spar’d,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
‘ Neighbour,’ he said, ‘ farewell: No more
‘ Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
‘ And further to avoid all blame
‘ Of cruelty upon my name,
‘ To give you time for preparation,
‘ And fit you for your future station,
‘ Three several warnings you shall have,
‘ Before you’re summon’d to the grave;
‘ Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,
‘ And grant a kind reprieve;
‘ In hopes you’ll have no more to say,
‘ But when I call again this way,
‘ Well pleas’d the world will leave.’

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he fold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of death as near :
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace ;
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheaded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
As all alone he fate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
' So soon return'd ! ' old Dobson cries.
' So soon, d'ye call it ! ' Death replies :

' Surely,

- ‘ Surely, my friend, you’re but in jest ;
‘ Since I was here before,
‘ ’Tis fix-and-thirty years at least,
‘ And you are now fourscore.’
‘ So much the worse,’ the Clown rejoin’d ;
‘ To spare the aged would be kind :
‘ Besides, you promis’d me Three Warnings,
‘ Which I have look’d for nights and mornings :
‘ But for that loss of time and ease,
‘ I can recover damages.’
‘ I know, cries Death, ‘ that at the best,
‘ I seldom am a welcome guest ;
‘ But don’t be captious, friend, at least ;
‘ I little thought you’d still be able
‘ To stump about your farm and stable ;
‘ Your years have run to a great length,
‘ I wish you joy tho’ of your strength.’
‘ Hold,’ says the farmer, ‘ not so fast ;
‘ I have been lame these four years past.’
‘ And no great wonder,’ Death replies,
‘ However, you still keep your eyes ;
‘ And sure to see one’s loves and friends,
‘ For legs and arms would make amends.’
‘ Perhaps,’ says Dobson, ‘ so it might,
‘ But latterly I’ve lost my fight.’

This

‘ This is a shocking story, faith,
‘ Yet there’s some comfort still,’ says Death ;
‘ Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
‘ I warrant you hear all the news.’
‘ There’s none,’ cries he, ‘ and if there were,
‘ I’m grown so deaf I could not hear.’
‘ Nay then, the spectre stern rejoind,
‘ These are unjustifiable yarnings ;
‘ If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
‘ You’ve had your three sufficient warnings.
‘ So come along, no more we’ll part :’
He said, and touch’d him with his dart ;
And now old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

COLIN

COLIN AND LUCY*.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face ;
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.
Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ing swains
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.
Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing :

* Tickell.

Too

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew

The solemn boding sound :

And thus, in dying words, bespoke

The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,

Which says, I must not stay ;

I see a hand you cannot see,

Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,

In early youth I die :

Was I to blame, because his bride

Was thrice as rich as I ?

Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows,

Vows due to me alone :

Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,

Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow, in the church to wed,

Impatient, both prepare !

But know, fond maid, and know, false man,

That Lucy will be there !

Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,

This bridegroom blithe to meet ;

He in his wedding trim so gay,

I in my winding-sheet.”

She spoke, she dy'd ; her corse was borne,

The bridegroom blithe to meet,

E

He

He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.
Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
How were these nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew'd his brow ;
He groan'd, he shook, he fell.
From the vain bride, ah bride no more !
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
In the same mould, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.
Oft, at this place, the constant hind,
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear ;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek;
 Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains;
 That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
 To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair :

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heartfelt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The

The father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at last,
He sternly disapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove;
His heart which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love and beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast;
 So fades the fresh rose in his prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed,
 And weary'd Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
 And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd, but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear;
 Fast falling o'er the pimpernel pale
 So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care
 (A cruel sister she!)
 Forbad what EMMA came to say,
 My EDWIN, live for me.

Now

Now homeward as the hopeless went,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the silent gloom of night,
Her starting fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling steps,
Her aged mother's door;
He's gone, she cry'd, and I shall see
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side:
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and dy'd.

ODE TO WISDOM.*

THE folitary bird of night
Thro' the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits his time-shook tow'r :
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat.
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful, to thy summons bend
At Wisdom's awful feat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shews of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray.

Here

* By Miss Carter.

Here folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gaily coloured dyes,
As in the beam of day.

O Pallas! Queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the sense and mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys:
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize;

At thy unspotted shrine I bow;
Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
Those envy'd glittering toys, divide
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thoughts refin'd:
For Wealth the smiles of glad Content;
For Pow'r, its amplest best extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb sneer, the stupid lye
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike condemn the rigid fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;

Pursue

Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties dress'd.

He bade Ilissus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good :
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood :

Reclaim'd her wild licentious youth,
Confess'd the potent voice of Truth,
And felt its just controul :
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the Poet's song,
The Patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The Hero's gen'rous strife ;
Thine are Retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet engaging ties
Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To the supreme all-perfect Mind
My thoughts direct their flight :
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee, deriv'd eternal source
Of intellectual light.

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road ;
The mists of error to control,
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show :
She sees thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but VIRTUE's solid joys
Are vanity and woe.

On

On Mr. NASH's PICTURE

At full Length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton, and Mr. Pope.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guefs,

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their part,
Place figures in a room at Bath :
Forgive them God of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom does exprefs!
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sunshine of the mind;

Read

Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a k—, sometimes an a—;
Now blunt---and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength:
Wisdom and Wit---are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

ADVAN-

ADVANTAGES OF LIFE.

NO man ought to look upon the advantages of life, such as riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but merely as a trust, which God hath deposited with him to be employed for the use of his brethren; and God will certainly punish the breach of that trust, though the laws of man will not, or rather indeed cannot; because the trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any power on earth to decide infallibly, whether a man makes good use of his talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this matter into his own hands, and will certainly reward or punish us in proportion to our good or ill performance of it. Now, although the advantages which one man possesseth more than another, may, in some sense, be called his property with respect to other men, yet with respect to God, they are only a trust; which will plainly appear from
hence;

hence : if a man does not use those advantages to the good of the public, or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain he doth not deserve them, and, consequently, that God never intended them for a blessing to him; and, on the other side, whoever does employ his talents as he ought, will find, by his own experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the service of others, for to the service of others he will certainly employ them.

WISDOM

W I S D O M.

WISDOM, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt to be imposed on. Thus Milton describes Uriel, "the sharpest sighted spirit in Heaven, and regent of the sun," deceived by the dissimulation and flattery of the devil; for which the poet gives a philosophical reason, but needless here to quote. Is any thing more common, or more useful, than to caution wise men in high stations against putting too much trust in undertaking servants, cringing flatterers, or designing friends? Since the Asiatic custom of governing by prime ministers hath prevailed in so many courts of Europe, how careful should every prince be in the choice of the person on whom so great a trust is devolved, whereon depend the safety and welfare of himself and all his subjects! Queen Elizabeth, whose administration is frequently quoted as the best pattern for English princes to follow, could not resist the artifices of the earl of Leicester,

Leicester, who, although universally allowed to be the most ambitious, insolent, and corrupt person of his age, was yet her greatest and almost her only favourite (his religion, indeed, being partly puritan and partly infidel, might have better tallied with present times); yet this wise queen would never suffer the openest enemies of that overgrown lord to be sacrificed to his vengeance; nor durst he charge them with a design of introducing popery or the Spanish pretender.

How many great families do we all know, whose masters have passed for persons of good abilities, during the whole course of their lives, and yet the greatest part of whose estates have sunk in the hands of their stewards and receivers; their revenues paid them in scanty portions, at large discount, and treble interest, though they did not know it; while the tenants were daily racked, and at the same time accused to their landlords of insolvency. Of this species are such managers, who, like honest Peter Waters, pretend to clear an estate, keep the owner penniless, and, after seven years, leave him five times more in debt, while they sink half a plum into their own pockets.

FRAUDS

FRAUDS AND CORRUPTIONS.

THE frauds and corruptions in most arts and sciences, as law, physic, (I shall proceed no further) are usually much more plausibly defended than in that of politicks; whether it be, that, by a kind of fatality, the vindication of a corrupt minister is always left to the management of the meanest and most prostitute writers; or whether it be that the effects of a wicked or unskilful administration are more public, visible, pernicious, and universal; whereas the mistakes in other sciences are often matters that affect only speculation; or, at worst, the bad consequences fall upon few and private persons. A nation is quickly sensible of the miseries it feels; and little comforted by knowing what account it turns to by the wealth, the power, the honours conferred on those who sit at the helm, or the salaries paid to their pen-men; while the body of the people is sunk into poverty and despair. A Frenchman in his wooden shoes may, from the vanity of his nation, and the constitution of that government

government, conceive some imaginary pleasure in boasting the grandeur of his monarch, in the midst of his own slavery: but a free-born Englishman, with all his loyalty, can find little satisfaction at a minister overgrown in wealth and power, from the lowest degree of want and contempt; when that power or wealth are drawn from the bowels and blood of the nation, for which every fellow-subject is a sufferer, except the great man himself, his family and his pensioners. I mean such a minister (if there ever hath been such a one) whose whole management hath been a continued link of ignorance, blunders, and mistakes, in every article besides that of enriching and aggrandizing himself.

For these reasons, the faults of men who are most trusted in public business, are, of all others, the most difficult to be defended. A man may be persuaded into a wrong opinion, wherein he hath small concern; but no oratory can have the power over a sober man against the conviction of his own senses: and therefore, as I take it, the money thrown away on such advocates might be more prudently spared, and kept in such a minister's

nister's own pocket, than lavished in hiring a corporation of pamphleteers to defend his conduct, and prove a kingdom to be flourishing in trade and wealth, which every particular subject (except those few already excepted) can lawfully swear and by due experience knows to be a falsehood.

The

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON,

Imitated from Chaucer.

A Parish-Priest was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor;
(As God hath cloth'd his own Ambassador;) }
For such on earth his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to foul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see: }
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harsh, the precept yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain on high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears;
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For *David* left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him, he sung the best.

He bore his great commission in his look;
 But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell;
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law;
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapt in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
 But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
 Lightning and thunder (Heav'n's artillery)
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
 Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
 But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book.
 With patience bearing wrong; but off'ring none:
 Since every man is free to lose his own.
 The country-churls, according to their kind,
 (Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind)
 The less he sought his off'rings, pinch'd the more,
 And prais'd a priest, contented to be poor.

Yet of his little, he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:

For

He

For mortify'd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.
 True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
 Were only stewards of their sov'reign Lord ;
 Nothing was theirs ; but all the public store :
 Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor ;
 Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
 Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd :
 Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
 Nor spar'd his pains, for curate he had none.
 Nor durst he trust another with his care :
 Nor rode himself to *Paul's*, the public fair,
 To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
 Where bishopricks and *sine-cures* are sold.
 But duly watch'd his flock by night and day ;
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey,
 And hungry sent the wily fox away

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd ;
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd :

His

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught ;)
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest :
 (The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd :)
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The sov'reign image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life, he priz'd ;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught ; and dying left behind,
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn ;
 In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
 They who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of *Zebedee*.

Not, but he knew the signs of earthly pow'r
 Might well become *St Peter's* successor :
 The Holy Father holds a double reign,
 The prince may keep his pomp ; the fisher must be
 plain.

Such was the faint ; who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's face.

God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

The tempter saw him too, with envious eye;
And, as on *Job*, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when *Richard* was depos'd,
And high and low with happy *Harry* clos'd.
This prince, tho' great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near tho' he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had *Richard*, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flatt'ring priest, invented since:
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their pow'r, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did from chance ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undpriv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.

Still

Still chearful; ever constant to his call :
By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not, with the crowd, to see a shrine ;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In def'rence to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you what the rest in orders were :
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

F 2

THE

d:

Still

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746.

*Quale portentum neque militaris**Daunia in latis alit esculetis,**Nec Jube tellus generat, leonum**Arida nutrix.*

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw;
 Expert in Latin, more expert in law,
 His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
 Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
 Thence having quick thro' various countries flown,
 Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
 He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
 As never ages past produc'd before:
 A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth:
 Half Atheist, Papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because bus'ness now is all the vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
 There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,

Unknow-

Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst; like bottled ale,
 Tho' shallow, muddy; brisk, tho' mighty dull;
 Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
 The liberty of Britain he supports,
 And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts;
 Now in crop'd greasy hair, and leather breeches,
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
 Kings, lords and commons ventures to abuse,
 Yet dares to shew those ears he ought to lose.

From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
 There sits with countenance erect and wise,
 And talks of games of Whist, and pig-tail pies;
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break;
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
 Trembling and anxious stakes his utmost groat,
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics and cards,
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards,

So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
 That not a generous vice can claim a part :
 Nay, lest one human passion ere should move
 His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
 To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breast,
 To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
 Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;
 Insensible to all that's good or kind,
 Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind ;
 For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave,
 By little actions striving to be great,
 And proud to be, and to be thought, a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
 That as his fame improves, his rent grows less ;
 On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light,
 With his estate his int'rest too is done,
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun.
 For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
 His independent voters cease to roar ;
 And Britain soon must want the great defence
 Of all his honesty and eloquence,
 But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
 For public liberty than for his own,
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone :

And

And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep gulph, like Curtius, for its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine ;
But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
And from the hand he hates implores support :
The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands ;
A ribband and a pension by the slave,
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar,
But silent votes, and with court trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd :
Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes spent,
And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent. ;
Lays wagers on his own and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers and wives ;
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,

Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, dies.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

Miseri quibus
Intentata nites.

HOR.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air,
The tofs of quality, and high-bred floor,
Now lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year.
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new;
Breakfasts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each ev'ning, gives an opera, or a play;
Then *Brag's* eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly usher in the morn again.

For love no time has she, or inclination,
Yet must coquet it for the sake of fashion;
For this she listens to each fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd col'nel flatters with a sneer,
And the cropt ensign nuzzles in her ear.
But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
Th' ambitious bosom of the landed squire,
Who

Who fain would quit plump Dolly's softer charms
 For wither'd lean *right honourable* arms;
 He bows with rev'rence at her sacred shrine,
 And treats her as if sprung from race divine,
 Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
 Nor deigns to smile on a plebeian born.

' Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,
 Her fortune, health, and reputation lost:
 Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid;
 Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid;
 Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,
 She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung:
 By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers press'd,
 But most for ready cash for play distress'd,
 Where can she turn?—the squire must all repair,
 She condescends to listen to his pray'r,
 And marries him at length in mere despair.

But soon th' endearments of a husband cloy,
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy:
 She feels no transports in the bridal bed,
 Of which so oft sh' has heard, so much has read;
 Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone
 To seek in vain this philosophic stone,
 To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,
 A prostitute from curiosity:
 Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,
 Impatient for heav'n's cordial drop, she tries;

The fribbling beau, the rough unweildy clown,
The ruddy templar newly on the town,
Th' Hibernian captain of gigantic make;
The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies,
Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies;
All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in Ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions, ope their paws,
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare
The gilded chariot, or the tassel'd chair,
For lonely seat she's forc'd to quit the town,
And *Tubbs* conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of Tyburn-road,
Ne'er prefs'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
And envies ev'ry cinder-wench she meets:
And now the dreaded country first appears,
With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears
(Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then starts, and trembles at the sight of trees.
Silent and fullen, like some captive queen,
She's drawn along, unwilling to be seen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *hall*
Within the grafs-green moat, and ivy'd wall,

The

The doleful prison where for ever she,
But not, alas ! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,
Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate :
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns she to return one awkward bow,
But bounces in disdain once to speak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now see her in the sad decline of life,
A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife ;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, many a fancy'd ail ;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her insolence and title only left ;
Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,
And the low pastimes of a country-fair :
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
At length half-dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and shunn'd by all of human kind,
Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to death.

HUMAN PRAISE.

NOR absolutely vain is *human* praise,
When human is supported by divine.
I'll introduce LORENZO to himself;
Pleasure and pride (bad masters;) share our hearts.
As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies and extend our race;
The love of praise is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the love of praise, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
Earth's happiness? From that, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous; of civil life,
Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O virtue! less in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not proud, what merits should we miss?
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's second guard;
Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
Our private reason is a flatterer;
Thirst of applause calls public judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

F R O M

ARTHUR GREY the FOOTMAN *.

After his CONDEMNATION for attempting a RAPE.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
 I have no more to wish, nor you to dread:
 I ask not life, for life to me were vain,
 And death a refuge from severer pain.
 My only hope in these last lines I try;
 I would be pitied, and I then would die.
 Long had I liv'd as sordid as my fate,
 Nor curs'd the destiny that made me wait

* This man was footman to a gentleman, whose daughter, a married lady, he attempted to ravish. It appears by his trial, that he went into her room about four o'clock in the morning, armed with a pistol in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other; and advancing to the bedside, threatened to murder her if she made any noise. Upon asking him what he meant by coming into her chamber in such a manner, he replied that he intended to ravish her, for that he had entertained a violent love for her a long time, but as there was so great a difference between their fortunes, he despaired of enjoying his wishes by any means but force. After some resistance, the lady wrenched the pistol from his hand, (he having laid down the sword) and rung the bell; upon which he ran away. He was indicted and convicted of a burglary, at the Old Bailey, in December 1721, but the sentence was not executed, for he was reprieved and afterwards transported.

A servile

A servile slave : content with homely food,
 The gross instinct of happiness pursu'd :
 Youth gave me sleep at night, and warmth of blood. }
 Ambition yet had never touch'd my breast ;
 My lordly master knew no foundering rest ;
 With labour healthy, in obedience blest. }
 But when I saw—oh ! had I never seen
 That wounding softness, that engaging mein !
 The mist of wretched education flies ;
 Shame, fear, desire, despair and love arise, }
 The new creation of those beauteous eyes.
 But yet that love pursu'd no guilty aim,
 Deep in my heart I hid the secret flame.
 I never hop'd my fond desire to tell,
 And all my wishes were to serve you well.
 Heav'ns ! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
 And kiss'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
 How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
 Present the sparkling wine, or change the plate !
 How, when you sung my soul devour'd the sound,
 And ev'ry sense was in the rapture drown'd !
 Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move ;
 —You knew not that stupidity was love ?
 But oh ! the torment not to be express'd,
 The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breast,
 When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
 Sate by your side, or led you from the play !
 I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
 (The flambeau trembling in my shaking hand)

I saw

I saw, or thought I saw, those fingers press'd,
 For thus their passion by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous fury all my soul possess'd.
 Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
 And madness would have thrown me at your feet.

Turn, lovely nymph (for so I would have said)
 Turn from those triflers who make love a trade;
 This is true passion in my eyes you see;
 They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
 Frequent debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
 Faint their desire, and in a moment past:
 They sigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
 Vapours of vanity, and strong champagne.
 Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inspire,
 After long talking of their painted fire,
 To some lewd brothel they at night retire;
 There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
 Enjoy your beauties in a strumpet's arms.
 Such are the joys those toasters have in view,
 And such the wit and pleasure they pursue:
 —And is this love that ought to merit you?
 Each opera-night a new address begun,
 They swear to thousands what they swear to one.
 Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain—
 Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy pain:
 'Tis impudence to wish, and madness to complain.

Fix'd

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
I waited not the aid of slow disease :
The keenest instruments of death I sought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night—when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell?
Fir'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,
With one last look to smoothe the darksome way.—
But oh ! how dear that fatal look has cost !
In that fond moment my resolves were lost.
Hence all my guilt, and all your sorrows rise—
I saw the languid softness of your eyes ;
I saw the dear disorder of your bed ;
Your cheeks all glowing with a tempting red ;
Your night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace ;
Your flowing hair play'd careless down your face,
Your night-gown fasten'd with a single pin ;
—Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within !
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breast,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the rest ;
Eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with sight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight !
—Too well you know the fatal following night !
Th' extreme proof of my desire I give,
And since you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careless and fearless of the woes to come.
But when you see me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my soul resign'd,

Sure

Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
 The cruel consequence of furious love.
 Think the bold wretch, that could so greatly dare,
 Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere :
 Think when I held the pistol to your breast,
 Had I been of the world's large rule possess'd,
 That world had then been yours, and I been blest !
 Think that my life was quite below my care,
 Nor fear'd I any hell beyond despair.——

If these reflections, though they seize you late,
 Give some compassion for your *Arthur's* fate :
 Enough you give, nor ought I to complain ;
 You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

ELEGY

ELEGY on a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,

The

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care :
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did their harvest to their fickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor,

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ;

Can

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute-inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;

Forbad

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:

Ev'n

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
' That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
' And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

' The next with dirges due in sad array
' Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne

Approach

‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

THE EPI TAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav’n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a FRIEND.

No farther seeks his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his FATHER and of his God.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

AH! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be
thine!

That charm shall grow, while that fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the fight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er answers 'till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

TRUE

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concerned to know
What to-morrow fate will do:

'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honour that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,

G

Rich

Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see!
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,

More

More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of Peru;
 Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
 Than the golden Indies are;
 Ships that trace the wat'ry stage
 Cannot coast it in an age;
 Harts or horses strong and fleet
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
 Loth to be too much confin'd,
 Roves and takes her daily tours,
 Coasting round the narrow shores,
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence:
 Or she sits at fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living.
 Never, never would she buy
 Indian dust, or Tyrian dye;
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native store,
 If her inward worth were known
 She might ever live alone.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
—Alas! in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care;
O sweet of language, mild of mein,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;

And

And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal,

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant airs and genial hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last,
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,

G 3

Whatever

And

Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, Goddess, thy tempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the scene when thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joy to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart?

Though

Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mein with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again :
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight :
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd :
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd :
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom ;

Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows th' enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs around his lyre.

But see where yonder penfive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd;
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He sees the nightly damp ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring furies roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole:
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,

Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding Cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be blest'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On Friendship's consecrated hour ;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in Freedom's ancient cause
Traces the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by Fortune's stubborn sway
From him and Friendship torn away,

I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY RECOMMENDED*.

VERY few people are good œconomists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time; and yet, of the two the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good œconomist of both; and you are now of an age to begin to think seriously of these two important articles. Young people are apt to think they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left; as very great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes, always repented of, but always too late! Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous secretary of the treasury, in the reigns of king William, queen Ann, and king George the First, used to say, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

This holds equally true as to time; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those minutes and quarters of hours, in the course of the day, which people think too short to deserve their attention; and yet, if summed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For

G 6

example:

* Lord Chesterfield.

example, you are to be at such place at twelve, by appointment: you go out at eleven, to make two or three visits first; those persons are not at home: instead of sauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-house, and possibly alone; return home, write a letter, beforehand, for the ensuing post, or take up a good book, I do not mean Descartes, Mallbranche, Locke, or Newton, by way of dipping; but some book of rational amusement; and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, &c. This will be so much time saved, and by no means ill employed. Many people lose a great deal of time by reading: for they read frivolous and idle books; such as the absurd romances of the two last centuries, where characters, that never existed, are insipidly displayed, and sentiments, that were never felt, pompously described; the oriental ravings and extravagancies of the Arabian Nights, and Mogul Tales; and such sort of idle frivolous stuff, that nourishes and improves the mind, just as much as whipped cream would the body. Stick to the best established books in every language; the celebrated poets, historians, orators, or philosophers. By these means (to use a city metaphor) you will make fifty *per cent.* of that time, of which others do not make above three or four, probably nothing at all.

Many people lose a great deal of their time by laziness; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themselves

selves that they have not time to begin any thing then, and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age, you have no right nor claim to laziness. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch, than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic

dantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables lying by you, and constantly recurred to; without which, history is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; that is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you, both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and, so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside.

To

TO THE SEA*.

HAIL! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation!—Hail! thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space are immersed for ever in oblivion:—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts, and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious! how awful are the scenes thou displayest!—Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,—when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon,—or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the overarching Heavens!—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors!—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay!—

And

* Keate.

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view—Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyfs?

The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conceptions,—and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!

PLEASURES

PLEASURES OF A GARDEN*.

A GARDEN has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wife and happy man, but reflection and peace? and both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort shews him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts; and sows celestial seed in their stead. For what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a paradise still extant; a paradise unlost. What a rich present from heaven of sweet incense to man, was wafted in that breeze? What a delightful entertainment of sight glows on yonder bed, as if in kindly showers the watry bow had shed all its most celestial colours on it? Here are no objects that fire the passions! None that do not instruct the understanding, and better the heart, while they delight the sense; but not the sense of these men. To them the tulip has no colours:

* Young.

lours ; the rose no scent : their palate for pleasure is so deadened, and burnt out by the violent stroke of higher tastes, as leaves no sensibility for the softer impressions of these ; much less for the relish of those philosophic, or moral, sentiments, which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendant fruit, or rising flower, those speechless, not powerless orators, ever praising their great Author, inspire : Much less still for their religious inspirations. Who cannot look on a flower till he frightens himself out of infidelity ? Religion is the natural growth of the works of God ; and infidelity of the inventions of men.

ARREARS to the DISTRESSED.

HOW deep are we in arrears to the distressed ?—The distressed have, from reason, as just a demand on our superfluities, as we have, from law, on our stewards for our estates. But this is no *play debt*, and therefore without dishonour undischarged.

THE

THE HERMIT*.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
 Remote from Man with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his Soul is lost;
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains, report it right;

* Parnell.

(For

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the *Southern* sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And hail, my son ! the rev'rend sire reply'd ;
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
 Till each with other pleas'd and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart ;
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose :
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :

Yet

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd servants wait;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His *Cup* was vanish'd; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
 So seem'd the fire; when far upon the road,
 The shining Spoil his wiley partner show'd.
 He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud a-cro'ss the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the *Miser's* heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew,
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls :
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine :
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?

But

But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face !
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That *Cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim's* bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows

Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky ; }
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :

Their

Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and grasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch ! —— But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky :
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

H

Then

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred Majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The *Great, Vain Man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
With him I left the *Cup*, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus

Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend* in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run ?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false *Servant* sped in safety back ?
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity wou'd fail !

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind : This trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
 Thus look'd *Elisha*, when to mount on high
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
 Then gladly turning, fought his antient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

THE HERMIT*.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill;
 And nought, but the nightingale's song, in the grove:
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 A hermit his song of the night thus began;
 No more with himself, or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.

“ Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe.
 “ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flow thy sad strain?
 “ For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 “ And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 “ Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay;
 “ Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn:
 “ O! soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away—
 “ Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 “ The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:

* Beattie.

“ But

" But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 " She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 " Roll on, thou fair orb! and with gladness, pursue
 " The path that conducts thee to splendor again—
 " But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
 " Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain.

" 'Tis night; and the landscape is lovely no more.
 " I mourn; but ye woodlands! I mourn not for you:
 " For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 " Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
 " Nor, yet, for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 " Kind bosom the embryo blossom will save—
 " But, when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
 " O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
 That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles to blind.
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 " O! pity, great Father of light!" then I cry'd,
 " Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee.
 " Lo humble in dust, I relinquish my pride:
 " From doubt, and from darkness, thou only canst free."

And darkness, and doubt, are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!

PARTING OF
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HECTOR then went, with sad presaging heart,
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part.
At home, he sought her ; but he sought in vain :
She with one maid of all her mental train ;
Had thence retir'd ; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood, on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight :
There, her sad eyes, in vain, her lord explore ;
Or weep the wounds—her bleeding country bore.

HECTOR, this heard ; return'd without delay ;
Swift, through the town, he took his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state ;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste, to meet him, sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near ; in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope, hung smiling, at her breast ;

Whom

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 Silent, the warrior smil'd ; and, pleas'd, resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind.
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look :
 Hung on his hand ; and, then dejected, spoke.
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh ;
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

“ Too daring prince !—ah ! whither dost thou run ?
 Ah ! too forgetful of thy wife and son !
 And think'st thou not, how wretched we shall be ?
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
 For, sure such courage length of life denies ;
 And thou must fall, by virtue's sacrifice.
 Greece, in her single heroes strove in vain :
 Now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain.
 Oh, grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n—an early tomb !
 So shall my days, in one sad tenor run,
 And end with sorrow as they first begun.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share—
 Oh ! prove a husband's and a parent's care.
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
 Where yon wild fig-tree joins the wall of Troy :
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
 Let other's in the field, their arms employ ;
 But stay, my Hector, here, and guard his Troy.”

THE chief reply'd—“ That post shall be my care :
 Nor that alone ; but all the works of war.

How

How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains.
My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains;
Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,
To save my father's honours and my own.—
Yet come it will! the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!)
The day, when thou, imperial Troy!—must bend;
Must see thy warriors fall; thy glories end.
And, yet, no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache!—Thy griefs I dread;
I see thee, trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry—"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me,
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall, waken at the name!
May I lie cold before the dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

THUS

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy,
Stretch'd his fond arms, to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure, each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child ;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child ; and, lifting high in air,
Thus, to the gods, prefer'd a parent's pray'r.

“ O thou, whose glory fills th' ethereal throne !
And all ye deathless pow'rs ! protect my son !
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown ;
To guard the Trojans ; to defend the crown ;
Against his country's foes the war to wage ;
And rise the Hector of the future age !
So, when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say—This chief transcends his father's fame,
While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.”

He spoke : and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and, with a smile, survey'd.
The troubled pleasure, soon chas'd with fear,
She mingled with the smile—a tender tear.

The

The soften'd chief, with kind compassion, view'd
And dry'd the falling drops : and thus pursu'd.

“ ANDROMACHE, my soul's far better part !
Why, with untimely sorrows, heaves thy heart ?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth ;
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can, then, resist ; no flight can save ;
All sink, alike ; the fearful, and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home ;
There, guide the spindle, and direct the loom—
My glory summons to the martial scene ;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim—
The first in danger, as the first in fame.”

THUS having said, th' undaunted chief resumes—
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes—
His princess parts, with a prophetic sigh ;
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look : then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train, the soft infection ran ;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn'd the living Hector, as the dead.

THE PLEASURES *arising from a* CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of heav'n, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the Siren ; not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life ; tho' only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honour his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfold : for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.

Each

Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wing;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien,
But if to ample prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundation, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds

And

And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine: he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse: grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan:
 And form to his, the relish of our souls.

M O R A L H O N E S T Y.*

TH E R E are some people who appear very indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repute of being just and faithful in their dealings; and these are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now if you look into the grounds, and the motives of such a man's actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own ease and interest. For example, you trust a moral man in the way of trade, you trust another with the defence of your cause at

* Swift.

I

law,

law, and, perhaps, they both deal justly with you. Why? not from any regard they have for justice, but because their fortune depends upon their credit, and a stain of open public dishonesty must be to their disadvantage. But let it consist with such a man's interest and safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any hold upon him; because there is nothing left to govern himself by but the opinion of the world, as long as he can conceal his injustice from the world, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by experience, that those men, who set up for morality, without regard to religion, are generally virtuous but in part; they will be just in their dealing between man and man; but if they find themselves disposed to pride, lust, intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of these vices; because it is the great rule of such men, that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, wherever their safety, health, and fortune are not injured. So that, upon the whole, there is hardly one vice, which a mere moral man, may not, upon some occasions, allow himself to practise.

O B E D I E N C E.*

THE prince cannot say to the merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the merchant to the labourer, I

* Swift.

have

have no need of thee. Nay, much more those members, who seem to be more feeble, are necessary. For the poor are generally more necessary members of the commonwealth than the rich: which clearly shews that God never intended such possessions for the sake and service of those to whom he lends them; but because he hath assigned every man his particular station to be useful in life, and this for the reason given by the apostle, "that there may be no schism in the body."

From hence may be partly gathered the nature of that subjection, which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect state, where we have occasion for each other's assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a capacity of assisting the highest; nor so high, as not to want the assistance of the lowest.

It plainly appears from what hath been said, that no human creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God, farther than according to the goodness or holiness of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages, are so far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring those on whom they are bestowed, that, on the contrary, he is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those, who have the least title to his favour. Now according to this equality, wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to himself, you will observe, that in all the relations between man and man, there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no man can be a prince without subjects, nor a master without servants, nor a father without children. Where there is a

mutual dependence, there must be a mutual duty, and consequently a mutual subjection. For instance, the subject must obey his prince, because God commands it; human laws require it, and the safety of the public makes it necessary; for the same reasons we must obey all that are in authority, and submit ourselves not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or no. On the other side, in those countries which pretend to freedom, princes are subject to those laws which their people have chosen; they are bound to protect their subjects in liberty, property, and religion, to receive their petitions, and redress their grievances: so that the best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant in the nation; not only a servant to the public in general, but in some sort to every man in it. In the like manner a servant owes obedience and diligence, and faithfulness to his master, from whom, at the same time, he hath a just demand for protection, maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay, even the poor beggar hath a just demand of alms from the rich man, who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this subjection we all owe one another is no where more necessary, than in the common conversations of life; for without it there could be no society among men. If the learned would not sometimes submit to the ignorant, the wise to the simple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weaknesses of the young, there would be nothing but everlasting variance in the world. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own example; for he appeared in the form of a servant and washed his disciples feet, adding these memorable words: "Ye call

me lord and master, and you say well, for so I am. If I then your lord and master wash your feet, how much more ought you to wash one another's feet?" Under which expression of washing the feet is included all that subjection, assistance, love, and duty, which every good christian ought to pay his brother, in whatever station God hath placed him. For the greatest prince and the meanest slave, are not, by infinite degrees so distant as our Saviour, and those disciples whose feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And also this doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another, may seem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those, who value themselves upon their greatness or their wealth; yet it is really no more than what most men practise upon all other occasions, for if our neighbour, who is our inferior, comes to see us, we rise to receive him, we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called good manners. Now, the duty required by the apostle, is, only that we should enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practise in the common course of life, we should imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us, that every man is our neighbour, and since we are so ready, in the point of civility to yield to others in our own houses, where we have only ourselves to govern.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL lovely Power! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads, can with that sigh compare:
Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beautiful as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us flow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;

Teach

Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,

And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,

With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,

To misery's moving cries to yield relief,

And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,

And sinking nature own the dread decay,

Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,

And gild the close of life's eventful day.

SELF - LOVE.

WHO venerate themselves, the world despise.

For what, gay friend ! is this *escutcheon'd* world,

Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night ?

A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,

And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.

Life's little stage is a small eminence,

Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,

Where dwells the multitude : We gaze around ;

We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while

We sigh, we sink ; and *are* what we deplor'd ;

Lamenting or lamented, all our lot !

* Young.

Is death at distance ? No : He has been on thee ;
 And given sure earnest of his final blow.
 Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now ?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues !
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
 The rest are on the wing : How fleet their flight !
 Already has the fatal train took fire ;
 A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

F R I E N D S H I P.*

DELIBERATE on all things with thy friend.
 But since friends grow not THICK on EV'RY bough,
 Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core ;
 First, on thy friend, delib'rate with Thyself ;
 Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
 Nor Jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;
 Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
 Well for thy friend ; but nobler far for thee ;
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize !
 A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
 " Poor is the friendless master of the world :
 " A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
 O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
 And elevating spirit of a friend,

* Young.

For

For twenty summers ripening by my side ;
 All seculence of falshood long thrown down ;
 All social virtues rising in his soul
 As crystal clear ; and smiling as they rise !
 Here nectar flows, it sparkles in our sight ;
 Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
 High-flavour'd blis for gods ! on earth how rare !

M A N.*

MAN I know thyself. All wisdom centres there !

To none man seems ignoble, but to man ;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :
 How long shall human nature be *Their* book,
 Degen'rate mortal ! and *unread* by Thee ?
 The beam dim *reason* sheds shews wonders There ;
 What high contents ! Illustrious faculties !
 But the grand *comment*, which display at full
 Our human height scarce sever'd from divine,
 By heav'n compos'd was publish'd on the *Cross* :

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial god ?
 A glorious partner with the Deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life ?
 If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm :
 I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul

* Young.

Catches

Catches strange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
 And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys :
 How chang'd the face of nature ! how improv'd !
 What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
 Or what a world, an *Eden* ; heighten'd all !
 It is another scene ! another self !
 And still another as time rolls along ;
 And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
 What evolutions of surprising fate !
 How nature opens, and receives my soul
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where gods
 Encounter and embrace me ! What new births
 Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
 Where what now charms, perhaps what'er exists,
 Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot !

Is this extravagant ? Of man we form
 Extravagant conception, to be just :
 Conception unconfin'd, wants wings to reach him ;
 Beyond its reach, the Godhead only more.
He, the great Father, kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals : one spirit pour'd
 From spirit's awful fountain ; pour'd Himself
 Thro' all their souls but not in equal stream,
 Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
 As his wise plan demanded ; and when past
 Their various trials in their various spheres,
 If they *continue* rational as made,
 Reforbs them all into Himself again :
 His throne their centre, and his smile their crown,

HUMAN

HUMAN LIFE compared to the OCEAN.*

OCEAN! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!

Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
(Tho' lately feasted high at † *Albion's* cost)
Wide op'ning, and loud roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!

The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some daring enterprize embark.
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: With hearts of proof,
Full against wind, and tide, *some* win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!

Tho'

* Young

† Admiral Balchen, &c.

Tho' strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ; and while they triumph, they expire,
 In stress of weather, *most* ; *some* sink outright ;
 O'er them and o'er their names, the billows close ;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
 Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating when a bark's ingulph'd ;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more :
 One CÆSAR lives ; a thousand are forgot,
 How few, beneath th' auspicious planet born,
 (Darlings of Providence ! fond fate's elect !)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted ! Yet even These,
 Freight with all their wishes soon complain ;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men ; and when is man secure ?
 As fatal *time*, as *storm* ! the rush of years
 Beat down their strength ; their numberless escapes
 In ruin end : And, now, their proud success
 But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow :
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high !
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,

The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd.
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In light'nings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With

With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the scene prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on echo still through all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close.
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair,
 And longer had she sung—but with a frown,

Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat:
 And tho' sometimes each dreary pause between,
 Dejected pity at his side,
 Her soul subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryan known ;
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping forth from alleys green ;
 Brown exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's extatic trial,
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

BUT now let other themes our care engage,
 For lo, with modest, yet majestic grace,
 To curb imaginations lawless rage,
 And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
 Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 By indolence and moping Fancy bred,
 Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,
 And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life
 The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness-wrought,
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl!
 As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

And Reason now through Number, Time, and Space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
 Such glory bear!—for lo, the shadows fly

From nature's face; Confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizards mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

Many a long lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands the famish'd native craves,
Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
Or scorched on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:
Dark woods and rankling wilds from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
For there each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

'Twas

'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed,
 Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale :
 And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

What dire necessities on every hand
 Our heart, our strength, our fortitude require !
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire !
 Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 Awhile, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
 Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
 Or Avarice a fiend more fierce than they ?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of love.

What cannot Art and Industry perform,
 When Science plans the progress of their toil !
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.

When

When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil.
Deep-versed in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that 'midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.

HAPPINESS.

H A P P I N E S S.

CANT and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same as tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the sense, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition : that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth ; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past, and things conceived : and so the question is only this ; whether things that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory ; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take the definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion ! how shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature ; so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracting angles, varnish and tinsel ; there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered

sidered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which I think has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the play-house.

In proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity; so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that, in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence, when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of cloaths. Then I laid open his brain, his heart and his spleen; but I plainly perceived, at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that whatever philosopher

or projector can find out an art to folder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much of mankind, and teach us more useful science; than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him, who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And he, whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can with Epicurus content his ideas with the films and images, that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

A MO-

A MONODY. A. D. 1740.

*Ipse cava solans ægrum sestudine amorem**Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,**Te veniente die, te decedente camebat.*

I.

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye.
 From every duty, every care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief.

And pour forth all my stores of grief,
 Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love,
 Can on th'ennobl'd mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
 Ye high o'er shadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now with fond delight
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.

Clos'd

Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heav'nly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry shepherd's flute,
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,
And thou melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground.
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of H——y, where is now your boast ?

Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts

Where female vanity might wish to shine,

The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.

Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :

To your sequester'd dales,

And flow'r-embroider'd vales,

From an admiring world she chose to fly ;

With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,

The silent paths of Wisdom trod.

And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,

But those, the gentlest and the best,

Whose holy flames with energy divine

The virtuous heart enliven and improve,

The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who like the little playful fawns,

Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,

Who now your infant steps shall guide ?

Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care

To every virtue would have form'd your youth.

And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth

O loss beyond repair !

O wretched Father left alone

To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own

How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,

And drooping o'er thy LUCY's grave,

Perform the duties that you doubly owe,

Now, she, alas ! is gone,

From folly, and from vice, their helpless age to save

Where

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual Love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian maids
 Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where thro' hanging woods
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where § Meles, or || Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 Thar, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tiber, or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melfigenes.

|| The Illyus is a river at Athens.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome ?
 And all that in her later days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce :
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of reason and of fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
 Ah ! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd ?

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis your's from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb.
 But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 Oh come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace
 How eloquent in ev'ry look
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke !
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity.
 And uncorrupted innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the softening influence,
 Of more than female tenderness !
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy;
 Which oft the care of other's good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart,
 To ev'ry want, and ev'ry woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow ?
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall.
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Nor only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind ;
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On fortune's smile, or frown ;
 That could without regret or pain
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or int'rest's or ambition's highest prize ;
 That injur'd or offended never try'd

Its dignity by vengeance to maintain
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear.
 And without weakness knew to be sincere,
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale;
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride
 A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows;
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elisian bow'rs,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,

And

And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand:
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there;
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unweary'd arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain:
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,

How

How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd, and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without the lovely smile,
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 Even the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me ev'ry friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In ev'ry other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind!
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again,
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.

O fatal,

O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
 Was his most righteous will, and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure, exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No——rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd, she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight
 Is every mortal bliss;
 Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path, and ever open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

On A N G E R.

Q U E S T I O N.

WHETHER Anger ought to be suppressed entirely, or only to be confined within the bounds of moderation?

THOSE who maintain that resentment is blameable only in the excess, support their opinion with such arguments as these :

SINCE Anger is natural and useful to man, entirely to banish it from our breast, would be an equally foolish and vain attempt : for as it is difficult, and next to impossible to oppose nature with success ; so it were imprudent, if we had it in our power, to cast away the weapons, with which she has furnished us for our defence. The best armour against injustice is a proper degree of spirit, to repel the wrongs that are done, or designed against us : but if we divest ourselves of all resentment, we shall perhaps prove too irresolute and languid, both in resisting the attacks of injustice and inflicting punishment upon those, who have committed it. We shall therefore sink into contempt, and by the tameness of our spirit, shall invite the malicious to abuse and affront us. Nor will others fail to deny us the regard, which is due from them, if once they think us incapable of resentment. To remain unmoved at gross injuries, has the appearance of stupidity, and will make us despicable and mean, in the eyes of many who are not to be influenced by any thing but their fears.

AND as a moderate share of resentment is useful in its effects, so it is innocent in itself, nay often commendable. The virtue of mildness is no less remote from insensibility, on the one hand, than from fury, on the other. It implies, that we are angry only upon proper occasions, and in a due degree ; that we are never transported beyond the bounds of decency,

or

or indulge a deep and lasting resentment; that we do not follow, but lead our passion, governing it as our servant, not submitting ourselves to it as our master. Under these regulations it is certainly excusable, when moved only by private wrongs: and being excited by the injuries, which others suffer, it bespeaks a generous mind and deserves commendation. Shall a good man feel no indignation against injustice and barbarity; not even when he is witness to shocking instances of them? when he sees a friend basely and cruelly treated; when he observes,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;

SHALL he still enjoy himself in perfect tranquillity? Will it be a crime, if he conceives the least resentment? Will it not rather be somewhat criminal, if he is destitute of it? in such cases we are commonly so far from being ashamed of our anger, as something mean, that we are proud of it, and confess it openly, as what we count laudable and meritorious.

THE truth is, there seems to be something manly, and we are bold to say, something virtuous in a just and well conducted resentment. In the mean time, let us not be suspected of endeavouring to vindicate rage, and peevishness, and implacable resentment. No; such is their deformity, so horrid and manifest are the evils they produce, that they do not admit of any defence or justification. We condemn, we detest them, as unnatural, brutish, unmanly, and monstrous. All we contend for, is, that it is better to be moderate in our resentment, than to suppress it altogether. Let us therefore keep it under a strict discipline, and carefully restrain it within the bounds which reason prescribes, with regard to the occasion, degree, and continuance of it. But let us not presume to extirpate any of those affections, which the wisdom of God has implanted in us, which are so nicely balanced, and so well adjusted to each other, that by destroying one of them, we may perhaps disorder and blemish the whole frame of our nature.

To these arguments, those who adopt the opinion that anger should be entirely suppressed, reply :

You tell us, anger is natural to man ; but nothing is more natural to man, than reason, mildness, and benevolence. Now with what propriety can we call that natural to any creature, which impairs and opposes the most essential and distinguishing parts of its constitution? sometimes indeed we may call that natural to a species, which being found in most of them is not produced by art or custom. That anger is in this sense natural, we readily grant; but deny that we therefore cannot, or may not lawfully extinguish it. Nature has committed to our management the faculties of the mind, as well as the members of the body ; and, as when any of the latter become pernicious to the whole, we cut them off and cast them away ; in like manner, when any of our affections are become hurtful and useless in our frame, by cutting them off, we do not in the least counteract the intention of nature. Now such is anger to a wise man. To fools and cowards it is a necessary evil ; but to a person of moderate sense and virtue, it is an evil which has no advantage attending it. The harm it must do him is very apparent. It must ruffle his temper ; make him less agreeable to his friends, disturb his reason, and unfit him for discharging the duties of life in a becoming manner. By only diminishing his passion, he may lessen, but cannot remove the evil, for the only way to get clear of the one, is by entirely dismissing the other.

How then will anger be so useful to him, as to make it worth his while to retain it in any degree? He may defend his own rights ; assist an injured friend ; prosecute and punish a villain ; I say his prudence and friendship, his public spirit and calm resolution will enable him to do all this, and to do it in a much more, safe, proper, and effectual manner, without the assistance of anger, than with it. He will be despised and neglected, you say, if he appears to have no resentment. You should rather say, if he appears to have no sedate wisdom and courage ; for these qualities will be sufficient of themselves to secure him from contempt, and maintain him in the possession of his just authority. Nor does any thing commonly lessen us more in the eyes of others, than our own passion. It often exposeth us to the contempt and derision of those, who are not in our power ; and if it makes

makes us feared, it also makes us proportionably hated, by our inferiors and dependants. Let the influence it gives us be ever so great, that man must pay very dear for his power, who procures it at the expence of his own tranquillity and peace.

BESIDES, the imitation of anger, which is easily formed, will produce the same effect upon others, as if the passion was real. If therefore to quicken the slow, to rouse the inattentive, and restrain the fierce, it is sometimes expedient, that they believe you are moved, you may put on the outward appearance of resentment. Thus you may obtain the end of anger, without that danger and vexation that attend it; and preserve your authority, without forfeiting the peace of your mind.

HOWEVER manly and vigorous anger may be thought, it is in fact, but a weak principle, compared with the sedate resolution of a wise and virtuous man. The one is uniform and permanent, like the strength of a person in perfect health; the other like a force, which proceedeth from a fever, is violent for a time, but it soon leaves the mind more feeble than before. To him therefore who is armed with a proper firmness of soul, no degree of passion can be useful in any respect. And to say it can ever be laudable and virtuous, is indeed a sufficiently bold assertion. For the most part we blame it in others, and though we are apt to be indulgent enough to our own faults, we are often ashamed of it in ourselves. Hence it is common to hear men excusing themselves, and seriously declaring, they were not angry, when they have given unquestionable proofs to the contrary. But do we not commend him, who resents the injuries done to a friend or innocent person? Yes, we commend him; Yet not for his passion, but for that generosity and friendship, of which it is the evidence. For let any one impartially consider, which of these characters he esteems the better; his, who interests himself in the injuries of his friend, and zealously defends him with perfect calmness and serenity of temper; or his, who pursues the same conduct under the influence of resentment.

If anger then is neither useful nor commendable, it is certainly the part of wisdom, to suppress it entirely. We should rather confine it, you tell us, within certain bounds. But how shall we ascertain the limits, to which it may, and beyond which it ought not to pass! When we receive a manifest injury, it seems we may resent it, provided we do it with mode-

M

ration,

ration. When we suffer a worse abuse, our anger, I suppose, may rise somewhat higher. Now, as the degrees of justice are infinite, if our anger must always be proportioned to the occasion, it may possibly proceed to the utmost extravagance. Shall we set bounds to our resentment, while we are yet calm? how can we be assured, that being once yet loose, it will not carry us beyond them; or shall we give passion the reins, imagining we can resume them at pleasure, or trusting it will tire or stop itself, as soon as it has run to its proper length; as well might we think of giving laws to a tempest; as well might we endeavour to run mad by rule and method.

In reality, it is much easier to keep ourselves void of resentment, than to restrain it from excess, when it has gained admission; for if reason, while her strength is yet entire, is not able to preserve her dominion, what can she do when her enemy has in part prevailed and weakened her force? To use the illustration of an excellent author, we can prevent the beginnings of some things, whose progress afterwards we cannot hinder. We can fear to cast ourselves down from a precipice, but if once we have taken the fatal leap, we must descend, whether we will or no. Thus the mind, if duly cautious, may stand firm upon the rock of tranquillity; but if she rashly forsakes the summit, she can scarce recover herself, but is hurried away downwards by her own passion, with increasing violence.

Do not say, that we exhort you to attempt that which is impossible. Nature has put it in our power to resist the motions of anger. We only plead inability, when we want an excuse for our own negligence. Was a passionate man to forfeit a hundred pounds as often as he was angry, or was he sure he must die the next moment after the first sally of his passion, we should find, he had a great command of his temper whenever he could prevail upon himself to exercise a proper attention about it. And shall we not esteem it worthy of equal attention; worthy of our utmost care and pains to obtain that immoveable tranquillity of mind, without which we cannot relish, either life itself, or any one of its employments?—Upon the whole then, we both may and ought, not merely to restrain, but extirpate anger. It is impatient of rule; in proportion as it prevails, it will disquiet our minds; it has nothing commendable in itself, nor will it answer any valuable purpose in life.

THE ACTOR*.

ADDRESSED TO

BONNEL THORNTON. Esq.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws :

No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.

If 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago !
The mind recalls an object held more dear,
And hates the copy that it comes so near.
Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone;
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.
Thrice happy Genius, whose unrivall'd name
Shall live for ever in the voice of fame !

'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will ;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe ;
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep.
When horrors such as thine have murder'd sleep ;
And at the old man's look and frantic stare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.

Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The comic muse too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requisite to please.
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance and ease,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule.

From Ranger's rake to Druggier's vacant fool
With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
That what we see the last, we like the best.
Not idly pleas'd at judgment's dear expence,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's

* By Robert Lloyd, M.A.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
 'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
 The play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
 'Tis so mechanic in these modern days)
 Lies not in trick, or attitude or start,
 Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
 The strong felt passion bolts into the face,
 The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimaced
 To this one standard make your just appeal,
 Here lies the golden secret; learn to feel.
 Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distressed,
 No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
 When Christians were the subject of their plays,
 E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
 And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
 An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame.
 Nature's disciple, and Genes his name.
 A noble object for his skill he chose,
 A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes;
 Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
 Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
 Fill'd with th' idea of the secret part,
 He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
 While look and voice, and gesture, all express'd
 A kindred ardour in the player's breast,
 Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
 He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man:
 Profess the faith, his pagan gods denied,
 And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try.
 Who want these pow'rs, deportment, voice, and eye.

The critic fight 'tis only grace can please,
 No figure charms us if he has not ease.
 There are, who think the stature all in all,
 Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
 The feeling sense all other want supplies.
 I rate no actor's merit from his size.
 Superior height requires superior grace,
 And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
 Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
 One foot put forward in position strong,
 The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
 So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
 Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
 The mien delights us that has native grace,
 But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
 Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;

However

However foreign to the poet's art,
 No tragic hero but admires a start.
 What tho' unfeeling of the nervous line;
 Who but allows his attitude is fine?
 While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
 Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
 Resolv'd, tho' nature hate the tedious pause,
 By perseverance to extort applause.
 When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
 With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
 The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
 Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh,
 To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
 The proper action nature's self will tell:
 No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
 Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.
 Of all the evils which the stage molest,
 I hate your fool who overacts his jest:
 Who murders what the poet finely writ,
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
 And writes a foolish comment with his face,
 Old Johnson once, thro' Cibber's perter vein,
 But meanly groupes him with a numerous train,
 With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
 Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene.
 What was writ down, with decent utterance spoke,
 Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;
 The very man in look, in voice, in air,
 And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.
 The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labour too minute.
 Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
 While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
 Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
 And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
 With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
 Well pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.
 But let the generous actor still forbear
 To copy features with a mimic's care!
 'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
 A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach,
 Worse or more close, the dissingenuous art
 But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
 When I beheld a wretch of talents mean,
 Drag private foibles on the public scene,
 Forsaking nature's fair and open road,
 To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode

Fir'd with disgust, I loath his servile plan,
 Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
 Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
 And hunt for humour in distortions there!
 Fill up the measure of the motley whim
 With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
 Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
 Good sense, good manners, virtue and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be found and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a fee-saw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woe
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express
 That marks the proper words with proper stress.
 But none emphatic can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
 Slow and deliberate as the parting toll,
 Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
 Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.
 All affectation but creates disgust,
 And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
 Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear:
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
 Repeating what the poet set not down,
 The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
 While pause, and break, and repetition join
 To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
 While lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
 With others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
 And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
 In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
 Than he, who swol'n with big impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
 A single look more marks th' internal woe,
 Than all the windings of the lengthen'd oh.
 Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes!

Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desperate sigh,
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trickling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage ;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue ;
In their own speech who whine or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say ;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below ?
So 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage ;
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
Black wigs to murderers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grimm'd with snuff.
Why should Poll Peachum shine in fatten clothes ?
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose ?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear ?
When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full ;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face ?
The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor ?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,

And

And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
 'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
 More instant horror would enforce the scene,
 If all her shudd'ring were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus with blended skill,
 Mould all our passions to their instant will;
 'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
 (The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
 Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
 I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
 Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
 No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
 No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
 More natural uses to the stage belong,
 Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
 For other purpose was that spot design'd:
 To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
 To give to nature all the force of art,
 And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
 The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
 Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
 No reason weighs against its proper use.
 Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function frame,
 Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
 Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?
 Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
 And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
 Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
 Who stand the foremost in the mortal train,
 Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
 And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless artist! tho' thy skill can raise
 The bursting peal of universal praise,
 Tho' at thy beck applause delighted stands,
 And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
 Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
 Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
 Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
 And latest times th' eternal nature feel.
 Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
 While more than half becomes the actor's share,
 Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
 And sinks the player in the poet's name.
 The pliant muscles of the various face,
 The mien that gave each sentence strength & grace,
 The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
 Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

POETICAL GENEALOGY and DESCRIPTION of MERIT.

TRUE Merit was the son of Virtue and Honour; there was likewise a spurious child, who usurped the name, and whose parents were Vanity and Impudence. At a distance there was a great resemblance between them, and they were often mistaken for each other. The bastard issue had a loud shrill voice, which was perpetually employed in cravings and complaints; while the other never spoke louder than a whisper, and was often so bashful, that he could not speak at all. In all great assemblies the false Merit would step before the true, and stand just in his way; was constantly at Court, or great men's levees, or whispering in some minister's ear. The more you fed him, the more hungry and importunate he grew. He often passed for the true son of Virtue and Honour and the genuine for an impostor. He was born distorted and a dwarf, but by force of art appeared of a handsome shape, and taller than the usual size; and none but those who were wise and good, as well as vigilant, could discover his littleness or deformity. True Merit had been often forced to the indignity of applying to the false, for his credit with those in power, and to keep himself from starving. False Merit filled the anti-chambers with a crew of his dependants and creatures, such as profligators, schematists, occasional converts to a party, prostitute flatterers, starveling writers, buffoons, shallow politicians, empty orators, and the like; who all owned him for their patron, and grew discontented, if they were not immediately fed.

H O N O U R.

THIS word is often made the sanction of an oath; it is reckoned to be a great commendation to be a strict man of honour; and it is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men, of persons with titles, and of others who pretend to birth and quality. 'Tis true indeed, that in antient times it was universally understood, that honour was the reward of virtue; but if such honour, as is now a-days going, will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavour to be wise or learned, to regard his word, his promise, or his oath: or, if he had any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour, which contains but two precepts, the punctual payments of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

But suppose the principle of honour, which some men so much boast of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to; yet since the very being of that honour depended upon the breath, the opinion, or the fancy of the people. the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration.

For example: suppose a man, from a principle of honour, should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate, and yet the censuring world should take a humour of refusing him those characters, he would then think the obligation at an end. Or, on the other side, if he thought he could gain honour by the basest and vilest action (which is a case that very often happens) he would then make no scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy state, to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in such hands; which however has been too often the case.

THESE THINGS ARE NOT TO BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY

Ж. У. О. Ж. О. Н.

There is a great deal of interest in the study of the history of the United States, and it is not surprising that the study of the history of the United States is one of the most popular of all. The study of the history of the United States is not only a study of the past, but it is also a study of the present and the future. The study of the history of the United States is a study of the people who have lived in this country, and it is a study of the things that they have done. The study of the history of the United States is a study of the values that they have held, and it is a study of the ideas that they have had. The study of the history of the United States is a study of the way that they have lived, and it is a study of the way that they have thought. The study of the history of the United States is a study of the way that they have changed, and it is a study of the way that they have stayed the same. The study of the history of the United States is a study of the way that they have made their country, and it is a study of the way that they have made their lives. The study of the history of the United States is a study of the way that they have made their world, and it is a study of the way that they have made their future.